### Old Memories.

Old Memories! Old Menories!
What precious things they are!
How close they cling around our heart,
How dearly cherished there!
How often we will cast aside
The cup of promised bliss;
And gladly turn us to the past,
So fraught with happiness.

Let others boast of coming joys,
And tell how brightly shine
Their hopes of future happiness—
Be memory's pleasure mine.
I would not lose the consciousness
Of one good action done,
To weave the brightest web of bliss
That Fancy ever spun.

Old Memories! Old Memories!
Oh! how they stir the heart!
How oft a smile will part the lips,
How oft a tear will start,
As memory, faithful to her trust,
Brings other scenes again,
In all their very truthfulness
Of pleasure or of pain!

Oh! who would lose the memory,
Of Childhood's early day;
Would wipe a mother's tenderness,
A father's care away;
A dear, dear drother's earnest love,
A gentle sister's smile,
The joyous friend of early years,
When life was glad the while.

Oh! who would roll the Lethean wave,
Above the early youth,
When earthly light seemed all undimmed
And all unsullied truth!
Nay, nay, amid life's latter scenes,
Amid its cares and tears,
There are green spots to which we turn,
Through all our after years.

There's many a light from by-gone days,
Around our pathway cast,
There's many a treasure garnered in
The unforgotten past.
Then let me seek to dwell
From present scenes apart,
And glean for memory's treasure house,
A lesson for the heart!

### The Separation of Josephine and Napoleon.

Rumors had for some time been reaching Josephine of the doom which was impending over her. Agitated with the most terrible fears, and again clinging to trembling hope, the unhappy empress passed several weeks in the agony of suspense. Both were under great restraint, and each hardly ventured to look at the other. The contemplated divorce was noised abroad; and Josephine read in the averted looks of her former friends, the indications of her approaching disgrace. Napoleon and Josephine had been accustomed to live upon terms of the most affectionate intimacy, and in their private hours, free from the restraints of a court, she would loiter in his cabinet, and he would steal in, an ever-welcome visitor, upon the secresy of her boudoir. Now, reserve and restraint marked every word and movement. The private access between their apartments was closed. Napoleon no longer entered her boudoir; but, when he wished to speak to her, respectfully knocking at the door, would wait her approach. Whenever Josephine heard the sound of his approaching footsteps, the fear that he was coming with the terrible announcement of separation, immediately caused such violent palpitations of the heart, that it was with the utmost difficulty she could totter across the floor, even when supporting herself by leaning against the walls, and the articles of furniture. They had many private interviews before Napoleon ventured to announce directly his determination, in which he hinted at the necessity of the measure. From all these interviews Josephine returned with her eyes so swollen with weeping as to give her attendants the erroneous impression that personal violence was used to compel her to consent.

The fatal day for the announcement at length arrived. Josephine appears to have had some presentiment that her doom was sealed, for all the day she had been in her private apartment weeping bitterly. As the dinner-hour approached, to conceal her weeping and swollen eyes, she wore a head-dress with a deep front, which shaded the whole of the upper part of her face. They dined alone. Napoleon entered the room in the deepest embarrassment. He uttered not a word, but mechanically struck the edge of his glass with his knife, as if to divert his thoughts. Josephine could not conceal the convulsive agitations of her frame. They sat together during the whole meal in silence. The various courses were brought in, and removed untouched by either. Says Josephine, "We dined together as usual. I struggled with my tears, which, notwithstanding every effort, overflowed my eyes. I uttered not a word during that solitary meal; and he broke silence but once, to ask an attendant about the weather. *My* sunshine, I saw, had passed away; the storm burst quickly." Immediately after this sorrowful repast, Napoleon requested the attendants to leave the room. The Emperor closing the door after them with his own hand, approached Josephine who was trembling in every nerve. The struggle in the soul of Napoleon was fearful. His whole frame trembled. His countenance assumed the expression of the firm resolve which nerved him to this unpardonable wrong. He took the hand of the empress, pressed it to his heart, gazed for a moment, speechless, upon those features which had won his youthful love, and then with a voice tremulous with the storm which shook both soul and body, said; "Josephine, my good Josephine, you know how I have loved you; it is to you alone, that I owe the few moments of happiness I have known in the world. Josephine, my destiny is more powerful than my will. My dearest affections must yield to the interests of France." "Say no more," exclaimed the empress in mortal anguish; "I expected this. I understand and feel for you; but the stroke is not the less mortal." And with a piercing shriek, she fell lifeless upon the floor. Napoleon hastily opened the door and called for help. His physician, Dr. Corvisart, was at hand, and, entering with other attendants, they raised the unconscious Josephine from the floor, who, in a delirium of agony, was exclaiming, "Oh no! you cannot, you cannot do it! you would not kill me." Napoleon supported the limbs of Josephine, while another bore her body, and thus they conveyed her to her bed-room. Placing the insensible empress upon the bed, Napoleon again dismissed the attendants and rang for her women, who, on entering, found him bending over her lifeless form with an expression of the deepest anxiety and anguish. Napoleon slept not that night, but paced his room in silence and solitude, probably lashed by an avenging conscience. He frequently, during the night, returned to Josephine's room to inquire concerning her situation, but each time the sound of his footstep and of his voice almost threw the agonised empress into convulsions. "No! no!" says Josephine, "I cannot describe the horror of my situation during that night! Even the interest which *he* affected to take in my sufferings, seemed to me additional cruelty. O! how justly had I reason to dread becoming an empress!"

At length the day arrived for the public announcement of the divorce. The imperial council of state was convened in the Tuileries, and all the members of the imperial family and all the prominent officers of the empire were present. Napoleon, with his pale and care-worn features, but ill-concealed by the drooping plumes which were arranged to overshadow them, sacrificing strong love to still stronger ambition, with a voice made firm by the very struggle with which he was agitated, in the following terms assigned to the world his reasons for this cruel separation:

"The political interests of my monarchy, the wishes of my people, which have constantly guided my actions, require that I should leave behind me, to heirs of my love for my people, the throne on which Providence has placed me. For many years I have lost all hopes of having children by my beloved spouse, the empress Josephine. That it is, that induces me to sacrifice the sweetest affections of my heart, to consider only the good of my subjects, and desire the dissolution of our marriage. Arrived at the age of forty years, I may indulge a reasonable hope of living long enough to rear, in the spirit of my own thoughts and disposition, the children with which it may please Providence to bless me. God knows what such a determination has cost my heart; but there is no sacrifice which is above my courage, when it is proved to be for the interest of France. Far from having any cause of complaint, I have nothing to say but in praise of the attachment and tenderness of my beloved wife. She has embellished fifteen years of my life; the remembrance of them shall be forever engraven on my heart. She was crowned by my hand; she shall retain always the rank and title of an empress. But, above all, let her never doubt my feelings, or regard me but as her best and dearest friend."

Josephine, with a faltering voice, and with her eyes suffused with tears, replied, "I respond to all the sentiments of the emperor in consenting to the dissolution of a marriage which henceforth is an obstacle to the happiness of France, by depriving it of the blessing of being one day governed by the descendants of that great man, evidently raised up by Providence to efface the evils of a terrible revolution, and restore the altar, the throne, and social order. But his marriage will in no respect change the sentiments of my heart; the emperor will ever find in me his best friend. I know what this act, commanded by policy and exalted interest has cost his heart; but we both glory in the sacrifices which we make to the good of our country. I feel elevated by giving the greatest proof of attachment that was ever given upon earth."

Such were the sentiments, replete with dignity and grandeur, which were uttered in public; but Josephine returned from this dreadful effort to her chamber of the darkest woe, and so violent and so protracted was her anguish, that for six months she wept so incessantly as to be nearly blinded with grief. The next day after the public announcement to the imperial council of state of the intended separation, the whole imperial family were assembled in the grand saloon of the Tuileries for the legal consummation of the divorce. It was the 16th of December, 1810. Napoleon was there in all his robes of state, yet care-worn and wretched. With his arms folded across his breast, he leaned against a pillar as motionless as a statue, uttering not a word to any one, and apparently insensible of the tragedy enacting around him, of which he was the sole author, and eventually the most pitiable victim. The members of the Bonaparte family, who were jealous of the almost boundless influence which Josephine had exerted over their imperial brother, were all there, secretly rejoicing in her disgrace. In the centre of the apartment there was a small table, and upon it a writing apparatus of gold. An arm chair was placed before the table. A silence, as of death, pervaded the room. All eyes were fixed upon that chair and table, as though they were the instruments of a dreadful execution. A side door opened, and Josephine entered, supported by her daughter, Hortense, who, not possessing the fortitude of her mother, burst into tears as she entered the apartment and continued sobbing as though her heart would break. All immediately arose upon the appearance of Josephine. She wore a simple dress of white muslin, unadorned by a single ornament. With that peculiar grace for which she was ever distinguished, she moved slowly and silently to the seat prepared for her. Leaning her elbow upon the table, and supporting her pallid brow with her hand, she struggled to repress the anguish of her soul as she listened to the reading of the act of separation. The voice of the reader was interrupted only by the convulsive sobbings of Hortense, who stood behind her mother's chair. Eugene also stood behind his mother in that dreadful hour, pale, and trembling like an aspen leaf. Josephine sat with tears silently trickling down her cheeks, in the mute composure of despair.

At the close of this painful duty, Josephine for a moment pressed her handkerchief to her weeping eyes; but, instantly regaining her composure, arose, and with her voice of ineffable sweetness, in clear and distinct tones, pronounced the oath of acceptance. Again she sat down, and with a trembling hand, took the pen and placed her signature to the deed, which forever separated her from the object of her dearest affections and from her most cherished hopes. Scarcely had she laid down her pen, when Eugene dropped lifeless upon the floor, and was borne to his chamber in a state of insensibility, as his mother and sister retired.

But there still remained another scene of anguish in this day of woe. Josephine sat in her chamber in solitude and speechlessness, till Napoleon's usual hour for retiring to rest had arrived. In silence and in wretchedness, Napoleon had just placed himself in the bed from which he had ejected the wife of his youth, and his servant was waiting only to receive orders to retire, when suddenly the private door to his chamber opened, and Josephine appeared with swollen eyes and dishevelled hair, and all the dishabille of unutterable agony. With trembling steps she tottered into the room, approached the bed, and then irresolutely stopped, and burst into an agony of tears. Delicacy—a feeling as if she *now* had no right to be *there*—seemed at first to have arrested her progress; but, forgetting everything in the fullness of her grief, she threw herself upon the bed; clasped her husband's neck, and sobbed as if her heart had been breaking. Napoleon also wept, while he endeavored to console her, and they remained for some time locked in each other's arms, silently mingling their tears together. The attendant was dismissed, and, for an hour, they remained together in this last private interview, and then, Josephine parted forever from the husband she had so long, so fondly, and so faithfully loved. As Josephine retired the attendant again entered, and found Napoleon so buried in the bed-clothes as to be invisible. And when he arose in the morning, his pale and haggard features gave attestation of the sufferings of a sleepless night.

At eleven o'clock the next day, Josephine was to leave the scene of all her earthly greatness, and to depart from the Tuileries forever. The whole household were assembled on the stairs and in the vestibule, in order to obtain a last look of a mistress whom they had loved, and who, to use an expression of one present, 'carried with her into exile the hearts of all who had enjoyed the happiness of access to her presence.'—Josephine appeared, leaning upon the arm of one of her ladies, and veiled from head to foot. She held a handkerchief to her eyes, and moved forward amid silence, at first uninterrupted, but to which immediately succeeded a universal burst of grief. Josephine, though not insensible to this proof of attachment, spoke not; but instantly entering a close carriage, with six horses, drove rapidly away, without casting one look backward on the scene of past greatness and departed happiness. The palace of Malmaison was assigned to Josephine for her future residence, and a jointure of about six hundred thousand dollars a year settled upon her.—Here, after many months of tears, she gradually regained composure, as time healed the wound which had been inflicted upon her heart. It was soon evident that there was no surer way of securing the favor of Napoleon than by paying marked attention to Josephine. She was consequently treated with the utmost deference by all the ambassadors of foreign courts, and all the crowned heads of Europe.

One of the ladies who had been attached to the brilliant court of Josephine, upon the fall of her mistress, was anxious to abandon her, and to revolve as a satellite around the new luminary, Maria Louisa. To the application, Napoleon replied in an angry tone, 'No! no! she shall not. Although I am charged with ingratitude towards Josephine, I will have no imitators, especially among the persons whom she has honored with her confidence and loaded with her favors.'

Josephine gives the following account of a subsequent interview with Napoleon, at Malmaison. 'I was one day painting a violet, a flower which recalled to my memory my more happy days, when one of my women ran towards me and made a sign by placing her finger upon her lips. The next moment I was overpowered. I beheld Napoleon. He threw himself with transport into the arms of his old friend. O! then I was convinced that he could still love me; for that man really loved me. It seemed impossible for him to cease gazing upon me; and his look was that of the most tender affection. At length, in a tone of the deepest compassion and love, he said, 'My dear Josephine! I have always loved you—I love you still. Do you still love me, excellent and good Josephine? Do you still love me in spite of the relations I have contracted, and which have separated me from you?—But they have not banished *you* from my memory.' 'Sire,' said I—'Call me Bonaparte,' said he; 'speak to me, my beloved, with the same freedom, the same familiarity as ever.' Bonaparte soon disappeared, and I heard only the sound of his retiring footsteps. O! how quickly does everything take place upon earth. I had once more felt the pleasure of being loved.'

The repudiation of Josephine, strong as were the political motives which led to it, is the darkest stain upon the character of Napoleon. And, like all wrong-doing, however seemingly prosperous for a time, it promoted final disaster and woe. A pique, originating in his second marriage, alienated Alexander of Russia from the French emperor, and hence, the campaign of Moscow, and the imprisonment of Napoleon upon the rock of St. Helena.—*Kings and Queens.*

### The Unknown Powers of Frost.

In the northern parts of Siberia mercury is sometimes frozen, and the frost must there reach a point represented by 40 degrees below Zero of Fahrenheit's thermometer.—Were such a destructive agent to operate during one of our winters, England would become a desert, trees and shrubs perish, and the ensuing spring call in vain for the return of flowers and foliage. But there are elements in nature which could produce, were they allowed to combine, a far more destructive cold than that which reduces the liquid quicksilver to a hard block of metal. The present arrangements of the Creator prevent the union of such powers, but chemists have produced an artificial combination of natural agents, from which has ensued a cold 91 degrees below Zero, and 131 degrees below the freezing point. This fatal degree of cold is caused by a union of two parts of sulphuric acid with one part of snow; now, elements are around us, which could, therefore, make a winter capable of destroying all animal life in a month. A frost equal to 40 degrees below Zero penetrates about two hundred yards into the ground; but cold of 91 degrees below the same point must penetrate to a far greater depth, turning the whole crust of the earth into a frozen mass. The consequences of such a degree of cold on the human body can scarcely be imagined; but some notion may be gained from the fact, that no metallic substance can be touched by the hand, when the thermometer is 40 degrees below Zero, without producing a burn like that caused by grasping a hot poker, so similar are the effects of extreme heat and extreme cold. To produce a disorganization in our globe there is but needed a fresh distribution of the acids stored up in nature, but which are kept in their present safe arrangement by the agency of an all-wise God. The cold does, indeed, sometimes increase to the very highest point of safety, but it never quite passes this line, being held, like the ocean, within its appointed limits, and exhibiting, through many seasons, a uniformity which attests the control of some invisible power. Thus in the severest winters in our latitude the frost does not penetrate into half that depth, as may be proved by placing a thermometer in the ground during a sharp frost. The waters of the seas around these islands tend to preserve it from the highest rigors of cold, for the temperature of the British Channel is, even in the winter, not below fifty degrees, and that of the German Ocean seldom lower than forty-two degrees of Fahrenheit. The vast stratum of air around Great Britain is, therefore, warmed by the ocean in winter, and thus the cold is continually checked in its intensity.

[*Sharpe's Magazine.*

### Conceit.

Conceit is the most contemptible and one of the most odious qualities in the world. It is vanity driven from all other shifts, and forced to appeal to itself for admiration.—An author, whose play has been *damned* over-night, feels a paroxysm of conceit the next morning. Conceit may be defined a restless, overweening, petty, obtrusive mechanical delight in our own qualifications, without any reference to their real value, or to the approbation of others, merely because they are ours, and for no other reason whatever. It is the extreme of selfishness and folly.—*Hazlitt.*

### The Indian Chief.

One of the first settlers in Western New York, was Judge W——, who established himself at Whitestown—about four miles from Utica. He brought his family with him, among whom was a widowed daughter with an only child—a fine boy about four years old. You will recollect, the country around was an unbroken forest, and this was the domain of the savage tribes.

Judge W——saw the necessity of keeping on good terms with the Indians, for as he was alone he was completely at their mercy. Accordingly he took every opportunity to assure them of his kindly feelings, and to secure their good will in return. Several of the chiefs came to see him, and all appeared pacific—But there was one thing that troubled him; an aged chief of the Oneida tribe, and one of great influence, who resided at the distance of a dozen miles, had not yet been to see him, nor could he ascertain the views and feelings of the sachem in respect to his settlement in that region. At last he sent him a message, and the answer was that the chief would visit him on the morrow.

True to his appointment the sachem came; Judge W—— received him with marks of respect, and introduced his wife, his daughter and little boy. The interview, that followed was interesting. Upon its result the Judge was convinced his security might depend, and he was therefore exceedingly anxious of making a favorable impression upon the distinguished chief. He expressed his desire to settle in the country, to live on terms of amity and good fellowship with the Indians, and to be useful to them by introducing among them the arts of civilization.

The chief heard him out, and then said: 'Brother, you ask much and you promise much. What pledge can you give of your faith? The white man's word may be good to the white man, yet it is wind when spoken to the Indian.'

'I have put my life in your hands,' said the Judge, 'is not that an evidence of my good intention? I have placed confidence in the Indian and will not believe that he will abuse and betray the trust that is thus reposed.'

'So much is well,' replied the chief, 'the Indian will repay confidence with confidence, if you will trust, he will trust you. Let the boy go with me to my wigwam—I will bring him back in three days with my answer!'

If an arrow had pierced the bosom of the mother, she could not have felt a deeper pang than went to her heart, as the Indian made this proposal. She sprang forward, and running to the boy, who stood at the side of the Sachem, looking into his face with pleased wonder and admiration, she encircled him in her arms, and pressing him to her bosom, she was about to fly from the room. A gloomy and ominous frown came over the Sachem's brow, but he did not speak.

But not so with Judge W——. He knew that the success of their enterprise, the lives of his family, depended on a decision of a moment.

'Stay, stay, my daughter,' he said. 'Bring back the boy, I beseech you. He is not more to you than to me. I would not risk a hair of his head. But my child, he must go with the Chief. God will watch over him! He will be as safe in the Sachem's wigwam, as beneath our own roof.'

The agonised mother hesitated for a moment; she then slowly returned, placing the boy on the knee of the Chief, and kneeling at his feet, burst into a flood of tears. The gloom passed from the Sachem's brow, but he said not a word. He arose and departed.

I shall not attempt to describe the agony of the mother for the ensuing days. She was agitated by contending hopes and fears, In the night she awoke from her sleep, seeming to hear the screams of her child calling on its mother for help. But the time slowly wore away—and the third day came. How slowly did the hours pass. The morning waned away, noon arrived; yet the Sachem came not. There was a gloom over the whole household. The mother was pale and silent. Judge W—— walked the floor to and fro, going every few minutes to the door, and looking thro' the opening in the forest towards the Sachem's abode.

At last the rays of the setting sun were thrown upon the tops of the trees around, the eagle feathers of the Chief were seen dancing above the bushes in the distance. He advanced rapidly—and the little boy was at his side. He was gaily attired as a young chief—his feet being dressed in moccasins, a fine beaver skin on his shoulders, and eagle feathers were stuck in his hair. He was in excellent spirits, and so proud, was he of his honors, that he seemed two inches taller than he was before. He was soon in his mother's arms, and in that brief minute she seemed to pass from death to life. It was a happy meeting—too happy for me to describe.

'The white man has conquered!' said the Sachem; 'hereafter let us be friends. You have trusted an Indian; he will repay you with confidence and friendship.'

He was as good as his word; and Judge W—— lived for many years in peace with the Indian tribes, and succeeded in laying the foundation of a flourishing and prosperous community.—*W. Tracy.*

### "They that Seek Me Early shall Find Me."

BY W. G. CLARKE.

Come, while the blossoms of thy years are brightest,
Thou youthful wanderer in a flowery maze—
Come, while the restless heart is bounding lightest,
And joy's pure sunbeam trembles in thy ways—
Come, while sweet thoughts, like summer buds unfolding,
Waken rich feelings in the careless breast—
While yet thy hand the ephemeral wreath is holding,
Come and secure interminable rest.

Soon will the freshness of thy days be over,
And thy free buoyancy of soul be flown—
Pleasure will fold her wings—and friend and lover
Will to the embraces of the worm have gone!
Those who now love thee will have passed forever;
Their looks and kindness will be lost to thee—
Thou wilt need a balm to heal thy spirit's fever,
As thy sick heart broods over years to be.

Come while the morning of thy life is glowing—
Ere the dim phantoms thou art chasing die—
Ere the gay spell which earth is round thee throwing,
Fades like the crimson from a sunset sky.
Life is but shadows, save a promise given,
That lights the future with a fadeless ray—
Come—touch the sceptre—win a hope of Heaven,
Come, turn thy spirit from this world away.

Then will the shadows of this brief existence
Seem airy nothings to thine ardent soul—
And shining brightly in the forward distance,
Will, of the patient race, appear the goal—
Home of the weary—where in bliss reposing,
The spirit lingers in unclouded bliss—
Though o'er the dust the curtained grave is closing,
Who would not EARLY choose a lot like this!

### A Perilous Ascent.

As I looked backward from the first promontory which turned us into the sea, I saw the troop scattered along the beach, and the last baggage camels pacing out from among the bushes about our camp. Sometimes in the bays we had to go slowly over fields of sand; sometimes to cross the promontories by steep paths or shelves in the rocks; and oftener, to cross the water, guiding our camels as usual; for the water was clear as the air. At last we were brought to a stop, when we agreed that there were two roads, if any. The promontory before us jutted out too far to make it prudent to take the water without guidance: and there was besides only a stony wadee which looked as if nobody ever passed through it, or ever would. So we made our camels kneel, and waited on our saddles. Others who came up did the same, till we were a curious kneeling party. Bishara passed us at length, and led the way up the stony wadee. We little knew what we were entering upon; and if any one had told us that it was the pass to Wadee Negabad, the words would have conveyed to us no more than they probably now do to my readers. The ascending wadee narrowed to a pass of steeper ascent, and the pass to a mere narrow road, and then the road to a staircase, a zigzag staircase of steep, irregular steps, so completely without pause that the great anxiety of everybody was to keep his camel going, because every one behind was in suspension, hanging between two steps, so that any stoppage would be worse than inconvenient. Many would have been glad to dismount, but they must not stop even for that moment. The way was also too narrow for alighting safely.—One lady jumped off, and then was in a great agony because her camel resisted being pulled forward, and there was not room for her to pass behind to drive it. The next in the string applied his stick to good purpose, so that we were relieved from our hanging attitude. During the minute I could glance behind me, and most striking was the picture of the sandy and stony areas below, with the long-drawn caravan winding far beneath and up the steep. Our position must have looked terrific to the hindmost. At the top we found ourselves on a pinnacle, a mere point, whence the way down looked more threatening than that we had passed. I could not allow myself a single moment here, for the camels were still tail to nose all the way down, and in the same way must they descend the tremendous zigzag before me. Most of the gentlemen contrived to slip off here, but there was no room or time for me, in the precise spot I occupied, to do so, so I set myself firm in my stirrups, and determined to leave it to my camel how to accomplish the break-neck descent. Only two besides myself rode down the whole way; and I believe we were all surprised that every one arrived at the bottom in safety. There were a few slips and falls, but no harm done. The ridge of a camel is a great height from which to look down on, not only the steepest turns of sharp zigzag on the side of a precipice, but long slippery stone steps, in quick succession. I depended altogether upon my stirrups; a pair hung short over the front peg of the saddle, which saved the necessity of resting one's foot on the camel's neck in any steep descent, and were a great help in keeping one steady. I do not think such a pass as this could be accomplished without them.—*Miss Martineau's Eastern Travel.*

### Drinking Habits in Ireland.

The propensity for intoxication among the people had been remarked from the earliest times. Sir W. Petty, who wrote in the year 1682, when Dublin contained but 6,025 houses, states 1,200 of them were public houses, where intoxicating liquors were sold. In 1798, in Thomas street, nearly every third house was a public house. The street contained 190 houses, and of these fifty-two were licensed to sell spirits. Among the upper classes the great consumption was claret, and so extensive was its importation, that, in the year 1793, it amounted to 8,000 tuns, and the bottles alone were estimated at the value of £67,000. This fact is detailed by honest Butty, the Quaker historian of the county of Dublin. Such were the convivial habits of the day, and so absorbed were the people in the indulgence, that the doctor recommended that port should be substituted in its place, 'because,' said he, with quaint simplicity, 'it would not admit so long a sitting, a great advantage to wise men in saving a great deal of their precious time.' In fact, the great end and aim of life in the upper classes seemed to be convivial indulgence to excess. The rule of drinking was, that no man was allowed to leave the company till he was unable to *stand*, and then he might depart if he could *walk*.

"No evasion sly
Nor sober shift, was to the puking wretch
Indulged apart."

If on any occasion a guest left the room, bits of paper were dropped into his glass, intimating the number of rounds the bottle had gone, and on his return he was obliged to swallow a glass for each, under the penalties of so many glasses of salt and water. It was the practice of some to have decanters with round bottoms, like a modern soda-water bottle, the only contrivance in which they could stand being at the head of the table, before the host. Stopping the bottle was thus rendered impossible, and every one was obliged to fill his glass at once, and pass the bottle to his neighbor, on peril of upsetting the contents on the table. A still more common practice was to knock the stems off the glasses with a knife, so that they must be emptied as fast as they were filled, as they could not stand.

[*Sketches of Ireland Sixty Years Ago.*

### An Irish Revel Sixty Years Ago.

An elderly clergyman of our acquaintance, on leaving home to enter college, stopped, on his way, at the hospitable mansion of a friend of his father for a few days. The whole time he was engaged with drinking parties every night, and assiduously plied with bumpers, till he sank under the table. In the morning he was, of course, deadly sick, but his host prescribed 'a hair of the old dog,' that is, a glass of raw spirits. On one night he contrived to steal through a back window. As soon as he was missed, the cry of 'stole away,' was raised, and he was pursued, but effected his escape into the park. Here he found an Italian artist, who had also been of the company, but, unused to such scenes, had likewise fled from the orgies. They concealed themselves by lying down among the deer, and so passed the night. Towards morning they returned to the house, and were witnesses of an extraordinary procession. Such of the company as were still able to walk had procured a flat-backed car, on which they heaped the bodies of those who were insensible; then, throwing a sheet over them, and illuminating them with candles, like an Irish wake, some taking the shafts of the car before, and others pushing behind, and all setting up the Irish cry, the *sensible* survivors left their departed insensible friends at their respective homes. The consequences of this debauch were several duels between the active and passive performers on the following day.

[*Sketches of Ireland Sixty Years A*

### Goldsmith Inspired Goethe.

It was not an age of peculiar earnestness, this Hume and Walpole age; but no one can be in earnest himself without in some degree affecting others. 'I remember a passage in the *Vicar of Wakefield*,' said Johnson, a few years after its author's death, 'which Goldsmith was afterwards fool enough to expunge. *I do not love a man who is zealous for nothing.*' The words were little, since the feeling was retained; for the very basis of the little tale was a sincerity and zeal for many things. This, indeed, it was, which, while all the world was admiring it for its mirth and sweetness, its bright and happy pictures, its simultaneous movement of the springs of laughter and tears, gave it a rarer value to a more select audience, and connected it with not the least memorable anecdote of modern literary history. It had been published little more than four years, when two Germans, whose names became afterwards world-famous, one a student, at that time in his twentieth, the other a graduate, in his twenty-fifth year, met in the city of Strasburg. The younger, Johann Wolfgang Goethe, a law-scholar of the university, with a passion for literature, sought knowledge from the elder, Johann Gottfried Herder, for the course on which he was moved to enter. Herder, a severe and masterly, though somewhat cynical critic, laughed at the likings of the young aspirant, and roused him to other aspirations. Producing a German translation of the *Vicar of Wakefield*, he read it out aloud to Goethe in a manner which was peculiar to him; and, as the incidents of the little story came forth in his serious, simple voice, in one unmoved, unaltering tone, ('just as if nothing of it was present before him, but all was only historical; as if the shadows of this poetic creation did not affect him in a life-like manner, but only glided gently by,') a new ideal of letters and of life arose in the mind of the listener. Years passed on; and while that younger student raised up and re-established the literature of his country, and came at last, in his prime and in his age, to be acknowledged for the wisest of modern men, he never ceased throughout to confess what he owed to those old evenings at Strasburg. The strength which can conquer circumstance; the happy wisdom of irony which elevates itself above every object, above fortune and misfortune, good and evil, death and life, and attains to the possession of a poetical world, first visited Goethe in the tone with which Goldsmith's tale is told.—The fiction became to him life's first reality; in country clergymen of Drusenheim there started up Vicars of Wakefield; for Olivias and Sophias of Alsac, first love fluttered at his heart; and at every stage of his illustrious after-career its impression still vividly recurred to him. He remembered it when, at the height of his worldly honor and success, he made his written *Life* ('Wahreit und Dichtung') record what a blessing it had been to him; he had not forgotten it, when, some seventeen years ago, standing, at the age of eighty-one, on the very brink of the grave, he told a friend that in the decisive moment of mental development the *Vicar of Wakefield* had formed his education, and that he had lately, with unabated delight, 'read the charming book again from beginning to end, not a little affected by the lively recollection' how much he had been indebted to the author seventy years before.—*Forster's Life of Oliver Goldsmith.*

### A Frolic in Dublin Sixty Years Ago.

On the 29th of July, 1784, six bucks were returning home, after dining with the Attorney-General, Fitzgibbon. As they passed the house of a publican, named Flattery, on Ormond-quay, they determined to amuse themselves by 'sweating' him, i. e., making him give up all his fire-arms. They entered the house and began the entertainment by 'pinking' the waiter. Mrs. Flattery, presuming on the protection that would be afforded by her sex, came down to pacify them, but one of the party, more heated with wine than the rest, assaulted and began to take indecent liberties with her. Her husband, who had at first kept himself concealed, in the hope that his tormentors could be got quietly out of the house, roused by the insult to his wife, rushed out and knocked the assailant down. The bucks drew their swords. Flattery armed himself with a gun, and, aided by the people in the house and some who came to his assistance from the street, succeeded in driving them out on the quay. The bucks, who happened to hold high military rank, unfortunately met with some soldiers, whom they ordered to follow them, and returned to Flattery's house, vowing vengeance on all the inmates. A message had been sent to the sheriff, Smith, to come and keep the peace, but he was able to collect only five men at the main guard, and when they reached the scene of the riot, it was so violent that their assistance was quite useless. The 'spree' would probably have ended in the total sacking of Flattery's house, only for the accidental arriving of some gentlemen dispersing from a volunteer meeting, who willingly assisted the sheriff. The 'bucks,' however, escaped being arrested. One of them was a noble lord, two were colonels in the army, and the others of high rank, and aides-de-camps to the Lord-Lieutenant, the Duke of Rutland. The latter interested himself on their behalf; and such was the influence of their rank that the matter was hushed up, and the *gentlemen* engaged in this atrocious outrage, though all well known, escaped unpunished.—*Sketches of Ireland Sixty Years Ago.*

### True Politeness.

Now as to politeness, many have attempted its definition. I believe it is best to be known by description; definition not being able to comprise it. I would, however, venture to call it benevolence in trifles, or the preference of others to ourselves, in little daily, hourly occurrences in the commerce of daily life. A better place, a more commodious seat, priority in being helped at table; what is it but sacrificing ourselves in such trifles to the convenience and pleasures of others? And this constitutes true politeness. It is a perpetual attention (by habit it grows easy and natural to us) to the little wants of those we are with, by which we either prevent or remove them. Bowing ceremonies, formal compliments, stiff civilities, will never be politeness; that must be easy, natural, unstudied, manly, noble.—And what will give this but a mind benevolent, and perpetually attentive to exert that amiable disposition in trifles towards all you converse and live with. Benevolence in great matters takes a higher name, and is the queen of virtue.—*Lord Chatham.*

### Tranquillising Effect of Pictures.

Every good picture, by which I mean every picture that has something good in it, is not mere surface and color; it has a countenance, like the countenance of a friend or lover, of which extent certain expressions are revealed only to certain eyes at certain moments. Then, there are the associations of long acquaintance; accidental gleams of lamp or sunshine have lighted up the shadowy nooks, and startled the eye with revelations of hidden beauty and meaning; or in hours of lassitude and sorrow, hours when the 'fretful stir unprofitable' of this painful actual world has hung heavy on the spirit, the light breaking away from behind the trees of far-off distance, stretching away, and leading the fancy after it, till it melts into Elysium, or rural groups, revels of satyrs, or clouds, or face of pure-eyed virgin or serene saint, has arrested the troubled course of thought and stamped a consecration on certain pictures which it would be a pleasure to see commemorated, but which no accidental visitor can enter into. 'I cannot express to you,' said a most distinguished statesman of the present day, as we stood in the midst of his beautiful pictures, 'I cannot express to you my feelings of tranquility, of restoration, with which, in an interval of harrassing official business, I look round me here.' And while he spoke in the slow, quiet tone of a weary man, he turned his eyes on a forest scene of Ruysdael, and gazed on it for a minute or two in silence—a silence I was careful not to break, as if its cool dewy verdure, its deep seclusions, its transparent waters stealing through the glade, had sent refreshment into his very soul.—*Mrs. Jameson's Companion to the Picture Galleries of London.*

### The Poet's Choice.

Beranger, the idol of the schools, who has been called the *only* poet in existence, is married. To his piquant Lisette, whose roguish smile and ragged petticoat have so long rejoiced the *pays Latin*. To Isadore Octavie, whose stately gait and patrician grace have charmed for so many years the *salons* of our aristocratic faubourg. To the fair English girl, who came to dwell next door to him, and lives a life of seclusion, content to watch him in and out, and breathe the air which his presence makes redolent of poetry? No! to none of these he has bestowed his hand and heart, but so long sought, both so long covered by some of the fairest and most distinguished of the land, upon Mad'lle Judith, his housekeeper and cook.—*London Atlas.*

### What Might be Done.

FROM DR. MACKAY'S TOUR UTOPIA.

What might be done if men were wise—
What glorious deeds, my suffering brother,
Would they unite;
In love and right,
And cease their scorn of one another!

Oppression's heart might be imbued
With kindling drops of loving kindness,
And knowledge pour,
From shore to shore,
Light on the eyes of mental blindness.

All slavery, warfare, lies and wrongs,
All vice and crime might die together,
And milk and corn,
To each man born,
Be free as warmth in summer weather.

The meanest wretch that ever trod,
The deepest sunk in guilt and sorrow,
Might stand erect,
In self-respect,
And share the teeming world to-morrow.

What might be done? This might be done,
And more than this my suffering brother—
More than the tongue,
E'er said or sung,
If men were wise and loved each other.

### The Second Birth of the Locust.

They evidently pass through one, if not more stages of existence, preparatory to their becoming perfect winged insects. In the summer, towards evening, it is common to see on the trunks of the trees, reeds, or any upright thing, a heavy-looking, hump-backed, brown beetle, an inch-and-a-half long, with a scaly coat; clawed, lobster-like legs, and a somewhat dirty aspect, which is easily accounted for, when at the foot of the tree a little hole is visible in the turf, whence he has lately crept. I have sometimes carefully carried these home, and watched with great interest the poor locust "shuffle off his mortal", or rather earthly coil, and emerge into a new world. The first symptom is the opening of a small slit which appears in the back of his coat, between the shoulders, through which, as it slowly gapes wider, a pale, soft, silky-looking texture is seen below, throbbing and heaving backwards and forwards. Presently, a fine square head, with two light red eyes, has disengaged itself, and in process of time, (for the transformation goes on almost imperceptibly) this is followed by the liberation of a portly body and a conclusion: after which the brown leggings are pulled off like boots, and a pale, cream-colored, weak, soft creature very slowly and tenderly walks away from his former self, which remains standing entire, like the coat of mail of a warrior of old, ready to be encased in the cabinets of the curious; the shelly plates of the eyes that are gone looking after the lost contents with a sad lack of 'speculation' in them.—On the back of the new-born creature lie two small bits of membrane doubled and crumpled up in a thousand puckers, like a Limerick glove in a walnut shell. These begin to unfold themselves, and gradually spread smoothly out into two large beautiful opal-colored wings, which, by the following morning, have become clearly transparent, whilst the body has acquired its proper consistency and dark color; and when placed on a gum-tree, the happy thing soon begins its whirring, creaking, chirruping song, which continues, with little intermission, as long as its happy, harmless life.—*Mrs. Meredith's New South Wales.*

### News from Sierra Leone—Arrival Out of Missionaries—Capture of a Slaver.

Intelligence has been received at the office of the American Missionary Association of the safe arrival at Sierra Leone, of Rev. Geo. Thompson, and Anson J. Carter, missionaries on their way to Haw Mendi.—They sailed from this city in the bark Adorio, Captain Brown, April 8, and reached the coast of Africa, May 9, in good health.

At Sierra Leone they got their first view of the horrors of the slave trade. A captured slaver was brought in while they were there, and they went on board of her.—There were 500 slaves on board; ten had died after her capture. Mr. Thompson says:—"Of all the sights I ever witnessed, this is the worst. The deck was literally covered with men and women and children, some lying down, some sitting, some standing. Many of them were quite small boys and girls—many of them were mothers, and all quite naked. Below were crowded two or three hundred, between floors not exceeding 2 1-2 feet apart. Men sitting flat on the floor, cannot sit up straight, and there they are crowded in as close as they can be jammed; the first row sitting on the floor with their backs against the side or end of the vessel, then another row sitting in the same way crowded close in between their legs, and so on as many as they can crowd in. There they sit, week after week, in all their filth and stench, and sickness and death!! When I think of my countrymen engaged in such an infernal traffic, and of their sending their ship-loads of rum, &c., to help on the work of degradation and death, I know not what to say."

Mr. Thompson and Mr. Carter expected to proceed immediately to Haw Mendi.—Their latest intelligence from the mission was considered encouraging.